

# ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE AND VIRGINIA ADVERTISER.

**Alexandria Gazette.**

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11.

"It's this way," said T. Willie Rockingham, "Brown-Jones asks me down from Saturday to Monday. Want to go and I go. Haven't seen B.J. for months; not since he got married to money. Poor old chap." T. Willie signed and took another observation in his glass.

"Find B.J. looking well. Seems a bit nervous, though. You know his florid style. Scatters your wits and keeps you from thinking. Mrs. B.J.—well, I can't help seeing she bites her lips a lot. Sighly sign. Thinks I, T. Willie, little old New York is good enough for you. You were in a better place there. Nothing happens though—not yet—and I begin to forget. Nice country place. Dinner, billiards and the down. Then it's Sunday. Morning goes. Afternoon comes. B.J. sends for the horses. Begins to crack on a bit as we stand in the window watching the brutes come up the drive. Been talking quite tall all day about his place' and 'his plans.' Mrs. B.J. biting her lips all the time. Now he lets on about 'his' quadrupeds. Transparent bluff. What do I care? I like to see a man happy. B.J. prattling along. Mrs. B.J. bites her lips some more. Out we go to the vehicle. 'Like to let you drive, old man,' says mine host. 'Know you're A1 with the ribbons, but I always think my horses like my hand best.' Storm breaks.

"My horses" say my lady, screaming out the first word.

"B.J. turns pale. Then he straightens up.

"Yes, your horses," he says. "You own them. You own this place and all that goes with it. You own me. Will you assist Mrs. Brown-Jones, Willie?"

T. Willie Rockingham shuddered. "Money?" he gulped out. "Excuse me, I'd rather work."—New York Sun.

## A Surgical Operation.

The Army and Navy Journal tells this story about the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre of New York city:

"When a young medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, one of the operating physicians was about to cut off an Irishman's leg, but before beginning the operation gave a long talk to the students on amputation. The Irishman lay on the operating table in full possession of his faculties, and as he listened to the discourse he grew whiter and whiter. Finally he jumped from the operating table, crying: 'Get me my breeches, be gobl! I'll die with me leg on!' And with that he was out of the room.

"Dr. Sayre found him several days later with his knee badly swollen. The young doctor promptly cut open the knee, but saved the leg. One day he had no lint to bind the wound, so he used the tow stuffing sticking out of an old horsehair sofa. When he called again, he found the wound so much improved that he reasoned that tow dipped in Peruvian balsam would not only disinfect a wound, but would keep it free from pus.

"This was the foundation of one of the most satisfactory successes he ever had in surgery. It was the means of introducing into the army the use of tarred hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds."

## Our Race For Money.

"If it is not true that we Americans regard money making as the work for which life was given to us, why, when we have millions, do we go on struggling to make more millions and more?" writes "An American Mother" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is not so with the older races. The London tradesman at middle age shuts his shop, buys an acre in the suburbs and lives on a small income or spends the rest of his life in losing it in poultry or fancy gardening. The German or Frenchman seldom works when past 60. He gives his last years to some study or hobby—music, a microscope, or it may be dominoes. You meet him and his wife, jolly, shrewd, intelligent, jogging all over Europe, Baedeker in hand. They tell you they 'have curiosity to see this fine world before they go out of it'."

## A Blessing.

Dr. Conan Doyle tells this story of a Boer and an English soldier who lay wounded side by side on the field of battle: "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bullet wound and the burgher a bayonet thrust before they both fell exhausted on the field. The Britisher gave the Boer a drink out of his flask, and the burgher, not to be outdone in courtesy, handed a piece of biltong in exchange. In the evening, when their respective ambulances came to carry them off to the hospital, they exchanged friendly greetings. 'Goodby, mate,' said the soldier. 'What a blessing it is we met each other!'

## A Fetching Compliment.

She was not from Chicago. "Do not anger me," she said.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

He looked down at her dainty shoes. "Impossible," he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them."

That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Pat's Report.

An Irishman passing a store in London saw nothing inside but a man at a table. The thing struck him as being very odd, so he went in and inquired what was sold there. "Asses heads," said the man at the table. "They must be in great demand," said Pat, "for I see you have only your own left."

## A Drawback to Amity.

Judge—Well, Mrs. Jopps, what fault have you to find with your husband?

Mrs. Jopps—Now, judge, it's this way: He's awful good an kind, but he's so wretchedly poor.

Detroit Free Press.

Millions of people are familiar with the name of Mrs. Jopps, and those who have seen her to be a woman of great beauty.

Her husband is a man of great wealth.

He is a man of great